

The Southern Herald

VOL. LI.

LIBERTY, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1916.

NO. 4.

VILLA BANDITS IN ACTION IN MEXICO



WAR-SWEPT VERDUN

Crashing of Shells Only Sound in Deserted Village.

Three Remaining Civilians Boast of Their Courage in Staying in Bombed Town—Gendarmes Keep Good Watch and Prevent Pillaging.

London.—H. Warner Allen, representative of all the British newspapers with the French armies, sends the following picture of war-battered and deserted Verdun:

Today, Verdun is not crowded. Not a shop is open. It can muster three civilians, and all three of them are rightly proud of their courage in staying in the bombed town.

I have just been walking down the main street. Everywhere there is silence except for the crashing of the big shells and the sound of splinters falling on the roofs. All the goods the shopkeepers had collected as specially calculated to appeal to the soldier in the trenches have disappeared and now when one walks down the Rue Mazel one's course is frequently interrupted. There comes a rush of wings in the air and instinctively one makes for the nearest doorway, ducking as one goes. Then there is a big explosion and one goes on.

It was in the Rue Mazel that I met one of the three civilians of Verdun. He was contemplating the view from his door with a contented smile and looked at me with supreme contempt when I scuttled for cover at a particularly loud explosion. "You are taking refuge on the wrong side of the road," he remarked mildly. "The left is the side to escape from splinters, since that is the side from which the Boches are firing. Anyway it is no use ducking, since by the time you've heard the shell the danger is over."

As we went up the steep, lonely streets towards the cathedral our attention was suddenly attracted by a strong, piercing sound that contrasted quaintly with the continuing roar of exploding shells. It was a kitten meowing plaintively in the first story of a house. It had obviously been forgotten in the haste of evacuation. The owner of the house had closed up the shutters and had never given a thought to the poor beast and it was slowly starving to death.

A rescue party was at once formed. M. Georges Scott, the artist, who is mobilized as a chasseur alpin, mounted on my shoulders and endeavored

to pry open the shutter with a stick, but his efforts were unavailing, and eventually the kitten's life was saved by the firemen of Verdun, who, at our request, broke into the house.

Several large shells had fallen near the cathedral. One of them had gutted a girls' school and another had landed fair and square on a shop that sold religious ornaments and emblems. For some unexplained reason there was a cure's hat lying pathetically on the top of the debris, and at the back against a wall that had miraculously escaped destruction stood a stucco statue of Joan of Arc.

SUES FOR \$100,000



Mrs. Malcom Strauss, handsome wife of the noted artist, has entered suit for separation and has started action for \$100,000 against Mrs. Arthur Seligman, alleging alienation of her husband's affections. Mr. Strauss denies any indiscretion. Mrs. Seligman, who until a short time ago was Miss Gladys Snellenberg of Philadelphia, engaged Mr. Strauss to paint her portrait and design certain costumes for her. At the time it is said, Mrs. Strauss seriously objected, but as Mr. Strauss, according to his own words, was in need of funds, he accepted the commission. Mrs. Arthur Seligman is now on her way to Japan with her husband, having been recently married. She is the daughter of K. Snellenberg of Philadelphia, who is many times a millionaire. Mrs. Strauss was Katherine McDonald, one of the most beautiful of the Winter Garden girls before her marriage.

GETS MAIL WITH PULLEY

Farmer Didn't Want to Walk to the Road to Get It There.

Whitesville, Mo.—To C. R. Thompson, a farmer living northeast of here, is given the credit of originating the latest method of having his mail brought directly to his door.

Some time ago Thompson decided that it was a waste of time and shoe leather to make the daily trip to his mail box down by the road, and he set his mind and hand to work on a device which would make said trip unnecessary.

He succeeded, and now, by means of a set of wires and a pulley, the trick is accomplished.

After the mail man's visit, Thompson has only to step to his door and draw in his mail, box and all.

The box is sent back to its post by the roadside in the same manner.

Others in the community are so pleased with Thompson's device that they are going to follow his example, and it will doubtless not be long until

"going after the mail," even so far as the gate, will be a thing of the past with progressive farmers of northwest Missouri.

FIVE IN ONE FAMILY IN PEN

Father, Mother, Two Sons and Stepson Convicted of Burglary and Receiving Stolen Goods.

Twin Falls, Idaho.—Five members of one family, including the father, mother, two sons and a stepson, were taken to the penitentiary to serve terms of six months to fifteen years for burglary and receiving stolen goods.

The prisoners are J. D. Ross and his wife, sentenced to serve from six months to one year for receiving stolen goods. Another son and Ross' stepson, Orville Duncan, were given sentences of from one to fifteen years for burglary.

Three young children of the couple, including a baby three weeks old, were taken to the children's home in Boise.

The pigeons, which were flying in uneasy circles above the cathedral, seemed to be curiously disturbed by the bombardment. As a general rule, the birds seem to regard bombardment as a natural cataclysm, to be suffered since it cannot be prevented. Anyhow, the pigeons of Verdun have not yet grown accustomed to the noise of the German bombardment.

Despite German shells, the French gendarmes keep a good watch in Verdun. There is no pillaging, and the refugees who in their hurry left their house windows open and doors unlocked can sleep easy as to the contents of their houses, except in so far as an enemy projectile may reduce them to powder. Just near one of the gates there is a house of which the shutters have not been closed and the window is still open. It seems that just before the evacuation the owner of the house had some special occasion to celebrate. Looking through the window one can see a table laid for 16 persons and everything prepared for an excellent meal. There was a beautiful, clean tablecloth with napkins folded miter-shaped for every guest. Decanters of wine, red and white, were standing beside each plate. On the sideboard piles of oranges and apples were waiting for the party which was never to eat them.

The gendarmes in Verdun seem to keep a catalogue of the shells which fall in the town. Those who live in bombarded towns take a definite pride in showing the visitors the holes made by German projectiles and the houses that they had thoroughly destroyed. It was with an expression of the greatest satisfaction that one of the gendarmes asked us to come and see his gate, because, during the previous night he had counted 117 big shells that had fallen into its neighborhood.

M. Scott, the artist, remarked to me: "This war is the end of the battle painter, since, apart from curiously lucky circumstances, there is absolutely nothing to paint. Modern warfare has nothing to do with colors. It is a symphony in sound. It is a subject matter for the musician, not the artist. Perhaps the musician of the future will be able to convert into terms of music the extraordinary contrasts of noise and sullen silence which one may hear in a bombarded town."

The cinematographers have been taking everything they can find in Verdun, and their only grief is that so far no shell has burst near enough to their apparatus to be photographed.

Not All Dead.

Paterson, N. J.—To pay a Willard-Moran fight bet Larry O'Brien must propel a peanut one mile with a toothpick.

CONVICTS TO PLANT COTTON

They Will Cultivate 1,300 Acres of a Prison Farm in Oklahoma.

McAlester, Okla.—Thirteen hundred acres of the state prison farm will be planted to cotton this year. All work except the overseeing of the labor will be done by prisoners.

The land on which this cotton will be produced was a few years ago merely a rocky waste. Hills, rock-covered and eroded by rains and gulches deeply cut by spring floods, surrounded the concrete walls of the penitentiary. Hard labor and careful management have changed the surface to a rolling, well-drained seed bed.

Rocks were removed from the surface. Gullies were filled up after drains had been laid. Dams and rip-rap were employed to hold back the fine soil carried down by showers.

In the coming year almost the entire acreage will be devoted to cotton. Of the land still rocky and unimproved hog and cattle pastures have been made.

THREE BALLS IN PLAY

EACH INFIELDER HAS PILL AND CHASES A BASE RUNNER.

One of Most Humorous Situations Ever Witnessed on Baseball Field—Umpire Finally Straightened Things Out.

The following humorous story of the baseball field is related by Bill Speas, outfielder of the Portland team of the Pacific Coast league, and probably is one of the most humorous things witnessed on a baseball field. Incidentally, the story has been told and retold by prominent players in the two major leagues.

"You might not believe this," says Speas, "but I've got several clippings to prove it. It happened in 1906 in the Pennsylvania and Ohio league. I was playing with Mansfield, and Doc Bailey, the old-time Columbus pitcher was doing the pitching for us. Our opponents had us beaten, about 40 to 0 when one of them hit a ball and slammed it down the right field foul line. The umpire threw in another ball, and he knocked it foul again. Then he hit one at me in left, and after breaking my neck to keep it from rolling into the next state, I got it and threw it in to the plate, only it hit the grandstand instead.

"Well, in the meantime, the fielders had recovered the foul balls and the shortstop had one running a man down between second and third, and the second baseman had the other trying to catch a man between first and second. The catcher was chasing the ball I threw in. It looked like a fire in a Chinese laundry the way everybody was running around. I was almost sick from laughing out there in left field.

"The umpire eventually ruled the foul balls out of play and held that the ball I threw at the grandstand was the right one. But that does not change the fact that there were three balls in play all at one time."

WORTH OF BASEBALL PLAYER

Secretary Foster of New York Giants Says \$25,000 Is Too Much to Pay for Any Man.

Is any baseball player worth to any club an outlay of \$25,000 for one season?

This interesting question arose recently at the headquarters of the Giants in the Fifth avenue building during a discussion of what it would cost to secure the services of Home



Secretary John B. Foster.

Run Baker, who was recently purchased by the Yankees for a sum not made public.

Secretary John B. Foster of the New York club, whose opinion can be taken as representing that of his own club and club owners in general, says that not only Frank Baker would not be worth the money, but that even Ty Cobb, the acknowledged biggest drawing card of the American league; Walter Johnson, the star pitcher of that organization; Grover Cleveland Alexander and our own Christy Mathewson would not be paying investments at an expense of \$25,000 per season individually.

The Pittsburgh Pirates let the bars on ex-Feds down sufficiently to invest in Pitcher Harry Moran, a left-hander who was with the Newark outlaws last season.

HARDEST PITCHER TO MAKE HIT AGAINST



Three Famous Big League Pitchers.

Grover Alexander not only led the Major league this year as the hardest pitcher to score against, but was the hardest to make a hit against.

The great Phil chucker held opponents to a batting average of .176. When it is taken into consideration that a good hitter is expected to bat at least .250, the tightness of Alec's work is easily realized.

Only one batter in about every six that faced Grover plinked his goods for a safe drive.

The real leading pitcher in the American league was Walter Johnson, and he was rated the king of hurlers until Alec had his big year. Johnson

was hit for .214 average. One batter in less than each five was able to hit the Washington smoke artist.

Joe Wood held opponents to a smaller number of runs than Johnson and ranks at the top of the American league, but was in a much smaller number of games, so the title of leading pitcher belongs to Johnson. Wood was touched for .216 average by opposing batters.

There is no doubt that Johnson has more speed than Alexander, but the figures also show that Johnson, who was said to be slipping last season, just because he got a few more beatings than usual, is strong.

SOME OF GREAT SHORTSTOPS

Bancroft of Philadelphia Nationals Makes Fans Forget Maranville and Other Players.

So wonderful has been the showing of Dave Bancroft, both as a fielder and as a batsman, that he is now rated as one of the best in the country.

Dave is making fans forget Maranville and others. Some of the greatest shortstops the game ever knew



Dave Bancroft.

have played with the Phillies. Bob Allen was classy 25 years ago, and one year he made a record for chances accepted by a shortstop which was not broken until 1914, when Maranville made a new mark.

Then along came Monte Cross, who didn't have to doff his cap to any shortstop when he was a Quaker. Mike Doolan was the third on the list, and now comes Bancroft.

Foster Places Hits.

Eddie Foster is constantly shifting his feet at the plate. He does not want to lose the knack of hitting into right center or left field. He is the best man in the business when it comes to placing the ball, and he has won many a game through his skill.

Passed Through Many Wars. Bob Emalle, the veteran umpire, who will start his thirty-first year in harness this season, has been through all of the baseball wars, from the Union-Association conflict to the late Federal league affair.

Elmira to Try Tyler. Catcher Fred Tyler, brother of Pitcher George Tyler, who got a trial with the Boston Braves in 1914, has signed with Elmira of the New York State league. He played with Syracuse part of last season.

BASEBALL STORIES

Tom Downey, who once was with the Phillies, has announced his retirement from baseball.

Stallings is out with a prediction that the Braves will win the National league pennant this year.

Jimmy O'Neill of Minooka has been sold by the Boston Americans to the Buffalo club of the International league.

This is Roy Hartzell's sixth year South with the New Yorks. "And it's going to be my best, too," said the veteran.

Bill Luyster, the former Hartford pitcher, will be field captain of the Lawrence club, under Jesse Burkett, this season.

Nick Altrock will this year, as heretofore, have practical charge of developing the recruit pitching material of the Nationals.

Joe Riggert will chase flies in center field for Mike Kelly's St. Paul team in the American Association, again this season.

Freddy Thomas, the New Orleans recruit, is said to have the edge on the other third base candidates for the Cleveland team.

We venture to say that if Jim Scott masters his mysterious X-ball the X-day clause will not be in his contract legally or otherwise.

E. A. Duffy, last year's premier hurler of the Youngstown club, will wear a Grand Rapids uniform in the Central league this season.

Ralph Capron, who, it is recalled, had a brief trial with the Phillies several seasons ago, has retired permanently from the diamond.

Someone has suggested that Heinie Zim plug his ears with cotton so that he will not fail for the coaches who try to ride him.

Jimmy Burke, one of Hughey Jennings' many assistants, is endeavoring to make Grover Loudermilk resort to curve balls this summer.

Marty Berghammer, the Pittsburgh Fed, who is to play with the St. Paul team next year, is a classy infielder, according to Joe Tinker.

The release by Salt Lake of the veteran pitcher, Jack Killaly, probably means he is through. He was let go to make room for Tom Hughes.